

Robert Jordan's the WHEEL of TIME



the EYE of the WORLD

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Robert Jordan's the **WHEEL** of **TIME**

the EYE of the WORLD

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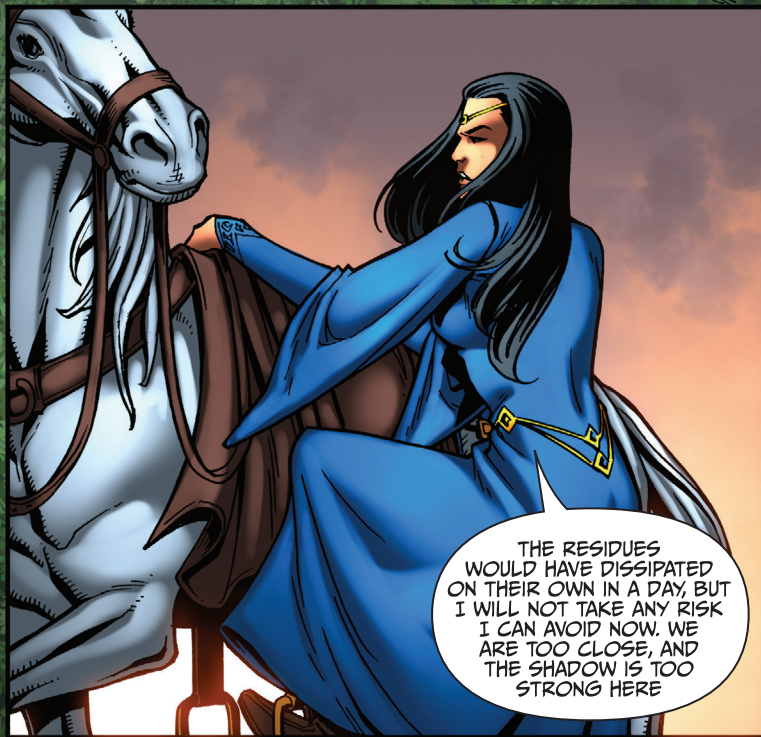
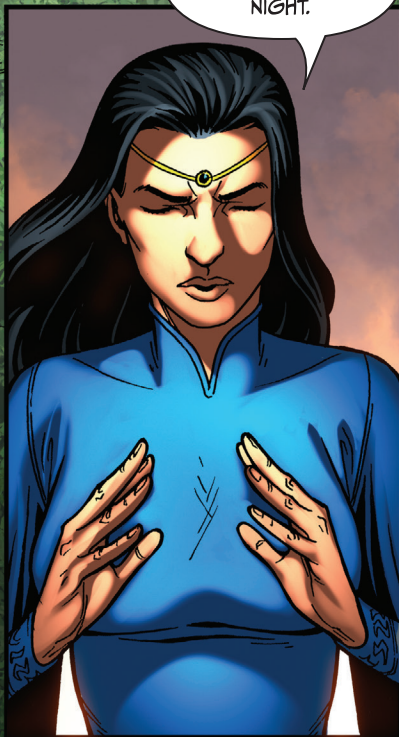
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The next morning.

After the packhorse was loaded, after every scrap and smudge and track were gone and everyone else was mounted, Moiraine Sedai stood in the middle of the hilltop with her eyes closed, not even seeming to breathe.

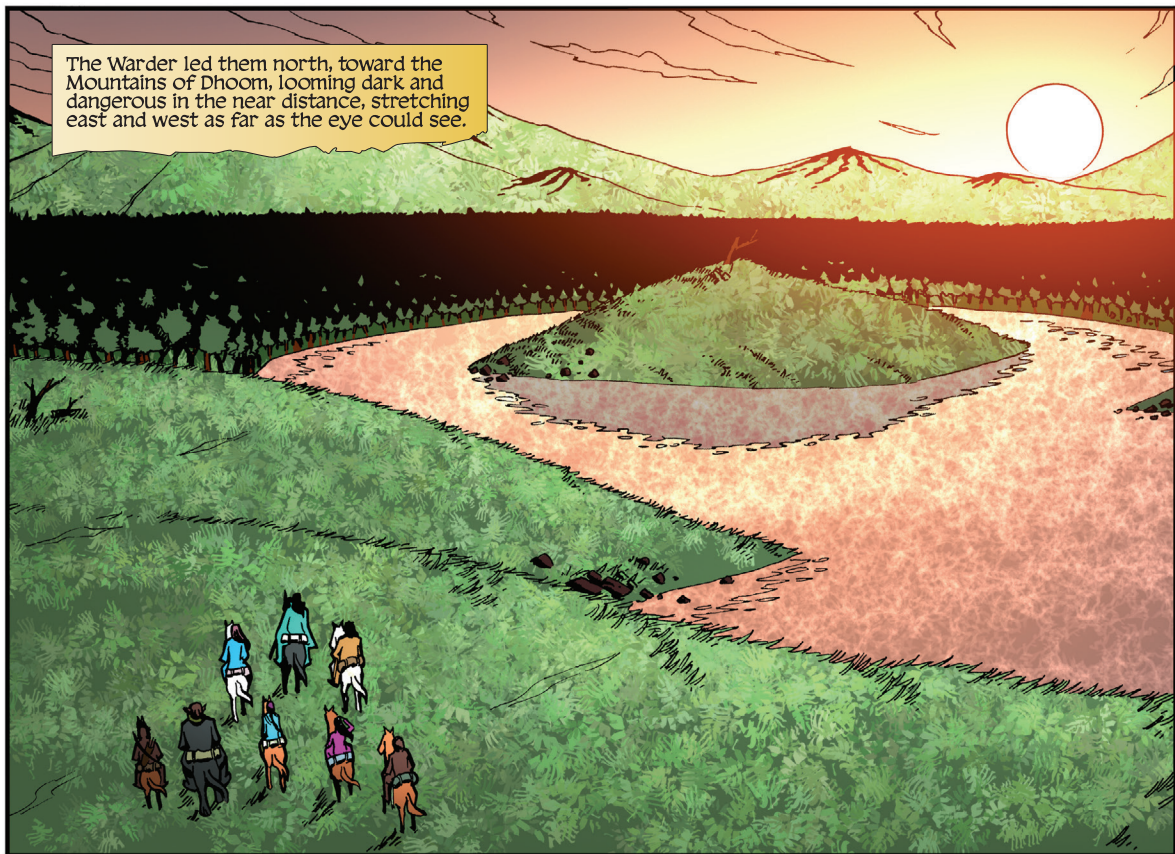
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

FOR ME TO REMOVE THE LAST VESTIGE OF WHAT I DID HERE LAST NIGHT.



THE RESIDUES WOULD HAVE DISSIPATED ON THEIR OWN IN A DAY, BUT I WILL NOT TAKE ANY RISK I CAN AVOID NOW. WE ARE TOO CLOSE, AND THE SHADOW IS TOO STRONG HERE

The Warder led them north, toward the Mountains of Dhoom, looming dark and dangerous in the near distance, stretching east and west as far as the eye could see.



WILL WE
REACH THE EYE
TODAY, MOIRAINÉ
SEDAI?



I HOPE THAT
WE WILL. WHEN I
FOUND IT BEFORE, IT
WAS JUST THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS,
AT THE FOOT OF THE
HIGH PASSES.



HE SAYS IT
MOVES. WHAT IF
IT ISN'T WHERE YOU
EXPECT?



THEN WE
WILL CONTINUE
TO HUNT UNTIL
WE DO FIND
IT.

THE GREEN
MAN SENSES NEED, AND
THERE CAN BE NO GREATER
NEED THAN OURS. OURS
IS THE HOPE OF THE
WORLD.





As the mountains drew closer, so did the true Blight.

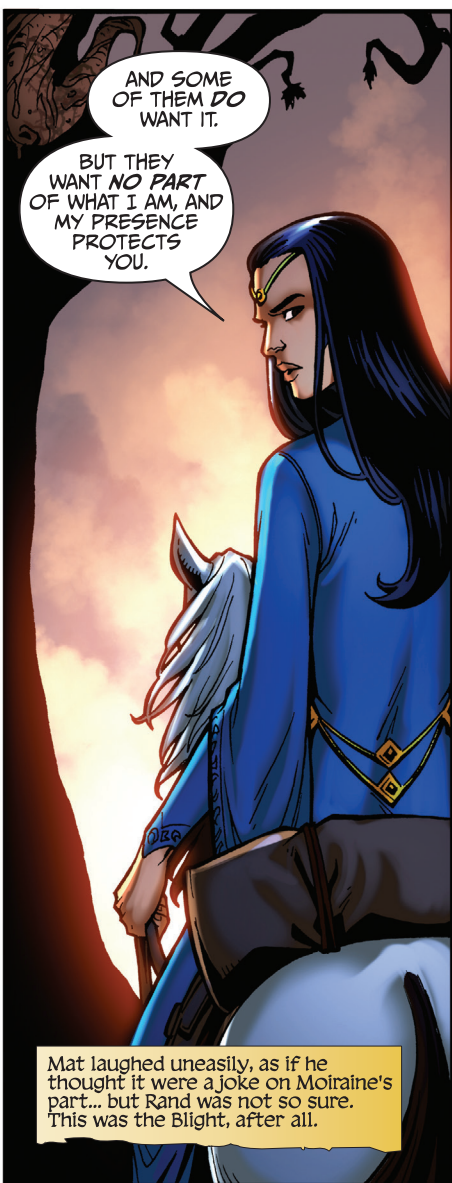
Where a leaf had been spotted black and mottled yellow before, now foliage fell wetly while Rand watched, breaking apart from the weight of its own corruption.

The trees were tortured, crippled things, ooze sliding like pus from bark that was cracked and split.

HUH. THE TREES ALMOST LOOK AS IF THEY WANT TO GRAB US.

MAT...

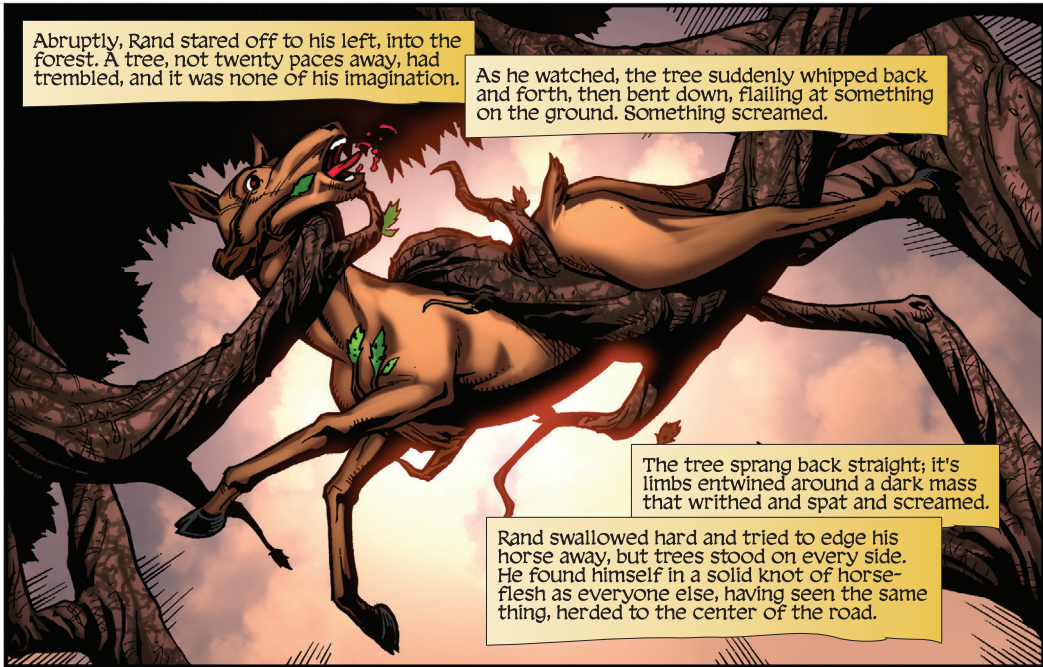
WELL THEY DO LOOK IT.



AND SOME OF THEM DO WANT IT.

BUT THEY WANT *NO PART* OF WHAT I AM, AND MY PRESENCE PROTECTS YOU.

Mat laughed uneasily, as if he thought it were a joke on Moiraine's part... but Rand was not so sure. This was the Blight, after all.

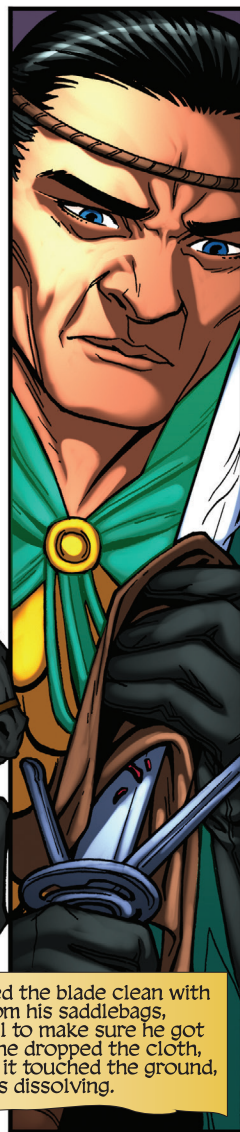
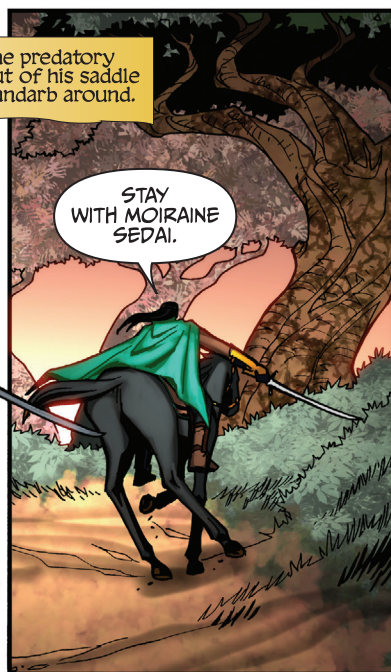


Abruptly, Rand stared off to his left, into the forest. A tree, not twenty paces away, had trembled, and it was none of his imagination.

As he watched, the tree suddenly whipped back and forth, then bent down, flailing at something on the ground. Something screamed.

The tree sprang back straight; it's limbs entwined around a dark mass that writhed and spat and screamed.

Rand swallowed hard and tried to edge his horse away, but trees stood on every side. He found himself in a solid knot of horse-flesh as everyone else, having seen the same thing, herded to the center of the road.



Silently, a massive body leaped out of the trees at them.



The Warder spun Mandarb, but even as the warhorse reared, Mat's arrow flashed...





He struck out again and again, the heron-mark blade slicing through corrupted limbs. Hungry branches jerked back severed, writhing stumps—but more came, wriggling like snakes, attempting to snare his arms, his waist, his neck.



Rand sought the void and found it in the stony, stubborn soil of the Two Rivers.





I LIGHT
SIGNAL FIRES
FOR THE
HALFMEN...

PRESS ON!
PRESS ON!

They made their way one slow pace at a time. If the trees had not attacked the snarling beasts of the Blight as much as the humans, Rand was sure they would have been overwhelmed. He was not certain it would not happen still.

TARUUUU



And then, a fluting cry
arose behind them.

In an instant, the snarling
of the beasts ceased, the
attacking shapes froze,
and the trees went still.



WORMS.

OHHH!

THEY'VE GIVEN
US A RESPITE, IF
WE HAVE TIME TO
USE IT.



The Blight flowed past, weeds and grasses splashing rotten under galloping hooves. Trees of the kinds that had earlier attacked did not even twitch when they rode directly underneath the twisted branches.

TA R U U U U

The cries of the worms were sharp and clear behind them. And too near.





WATCH YOURSELF IN THE HIGH PASSES, MOIRAIN, AND YOU'LL GET THROUGH.

NO, LAN!

BE QUIET, GIRL!

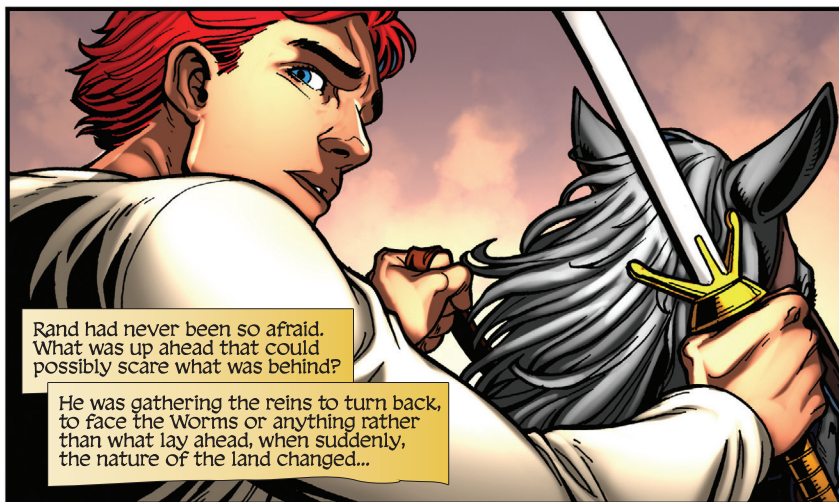
LAN, EVEN YOU CANNOT STOP A WORMPACK. I WILL NOT HAVE IT. I WILL NEED YOU FOR THE EYE.



WHAT ABOUT ARROWS?

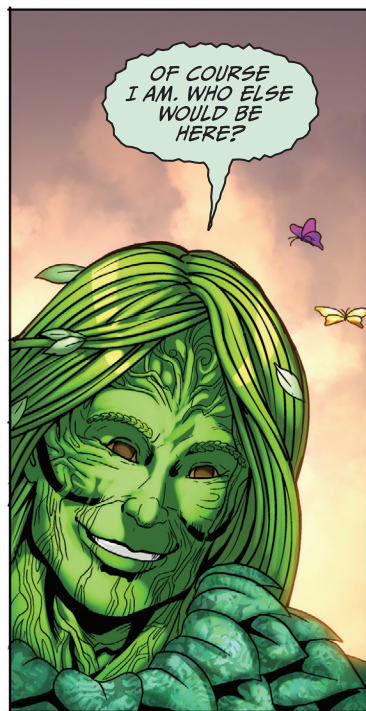
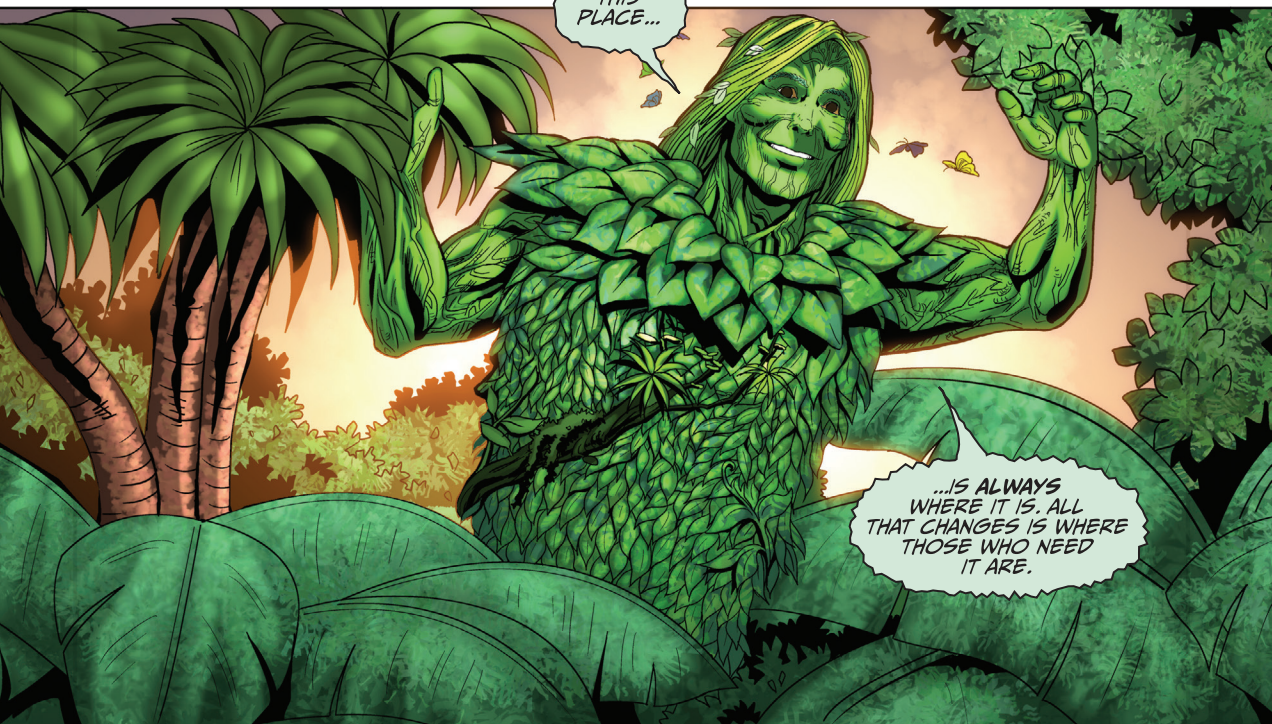
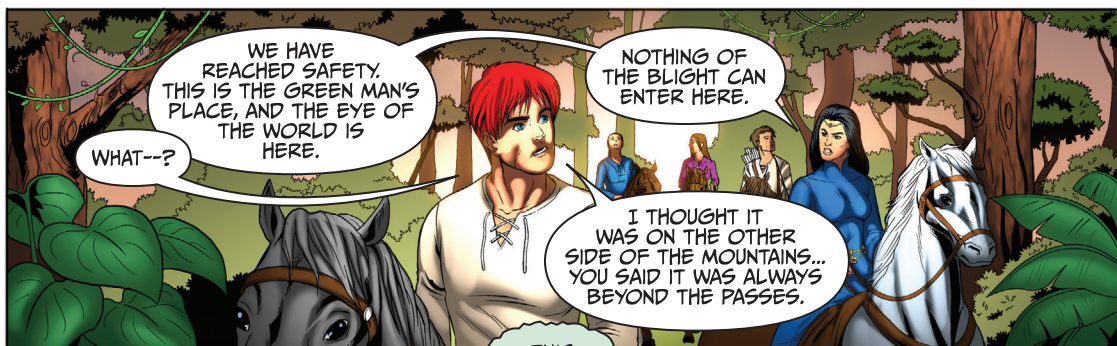
THE WORMS WOULDN'T EVEN FEEL THEM. THEY MUST BE CUT TO PIECES.


THEY DON'T FEEL MUCH BUT HUNGER... SOMETIMES FEAR.



Rand had never been so afraid. What was up ahead that could possibly scare what was behind?

He was gathering the reins to turn back, to face the Worms or anything rather than what lay ahead, when suddenly, the nature of the land changed...





IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, LITTLE BROTHER. IN THE PAST, MANY OF THE OGIER CAME TO VISIT ME, BUT FEW OF RECENT DAYS.


YOU HONOR ME, TREEBROTHER. TSINGU MA CHOSHIH, T'ING-SHEN.

THERE IS NO HONORING, LITTLE BROTHER. WE WILL SING TREE SONGS TOGETHER, AND REMEMBER THE GREAT TREES, AND THE STEDDING, AND HOLD THE LONGING AT BAY.



A WOLFBROTHER! DO THE OLD TIMES TRULY WALK AGAIN?


I--



STRANGE CLOTHES YOU WEAR, CHILD OF THE DRAGON. HAS THE WHEEL TURNED SO FAR? DO THE PEOPLE OF THE DRAGON RETURN TO THE FIRST COVENANT?

BUT YOU WEAR A SWORD. THAT IS NEITHER NOW NOR THEN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I... CANNOT SAY. MY MEMORIES ARE TORN AND OFTEN FLEETING, AND MUCH OF WHAT REMAINS IS LIKE LEAVES VISITED BY CATERPILLARS. YET I AM SURE... NO, IT IS GONE. YOU ARE WELCOME HERE.

YOU, MOIRAIN SEDAI, ARE MORE THAN A SURPRISE. WHEN THIS PLACE WAS MADE, IT WAS MADE SO THAT NONE COULD FIND IT TWICE. HOW HAVE YOU COME HERE?



NEED. MY NEED, THE WORLD'S NEED. WE HAVE COME TO SEE THE EYE OF THE WORLD.

THEN IT HAS COME AGAIN. THAT MEMORY REMAINS WHOLE. THE DARK ONE STIRS. I HAVE FEARED IT.

EVERY TURNING OF YEARS, THE BLIGHT STRIVES HARDER TO COME INSIDE, AND THIS TURN THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP IT OUT HAS BEEN GREATER THAN EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING. COME--

"--I WILL TAKE YOU."

IN THERE
IS WHAT YOU SEEK.
I WILL GO NO
FURTHER.

I WAS SET TO
GUARD IT LONG, LONG
AGO, BUT IT MAKES ME UNEASY
TO COME TOO CLOSE. I FEEL
MYSELF BEING UNMADE;
MY END IS LINKED WITH
IT SOMEHOW.

I REMEMBER
THE MAKING OF IT.
SOME OF THE
MAKING.

"IT WAS THE FIRST DAYS AFTER THE
BREAKING OF THE WORLD, WHEN THE
JOY OF VICTORY OVER THE DARK ONE
TURNED BITTER WITH THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT ALL MIGHT YET BE SHATTERED BY
THE WEIGHT OF THE SHADOW."

"A HUNDRED OF THEM MADE IT, MEN AND
WOMEN, TOGETHER. THE GREATEST
AES SEDAI WORKS WERE ALWAYS DONE
SO, JOINING SAIDIN AND SAIDAR AS THE
TRUE SOURCE IS JOINED."

"THEY DIED, ALL, TO MAKE IT PURE,
WHILE THE WORLD WAS TORN AROUND
THEM. KNOWING THEY WOULD DIE,
THEY CHARGED ME TO GUARD IT
AGAINST THE NEED TO COME."

"IT WAS NOT WHAT I WAS MADE FOR,
BUT ALL WAS BREAKING APART, AND THEY
WERE ALONE, AND I WAS ALL THEY HAD.
IT WAS NOT WHAT I WAS MADE FOR, BUT
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."



I HAVE KEPT
THE FAITH UNTIL IT
WAS NEEDED, AND
NOW IT ENDS.

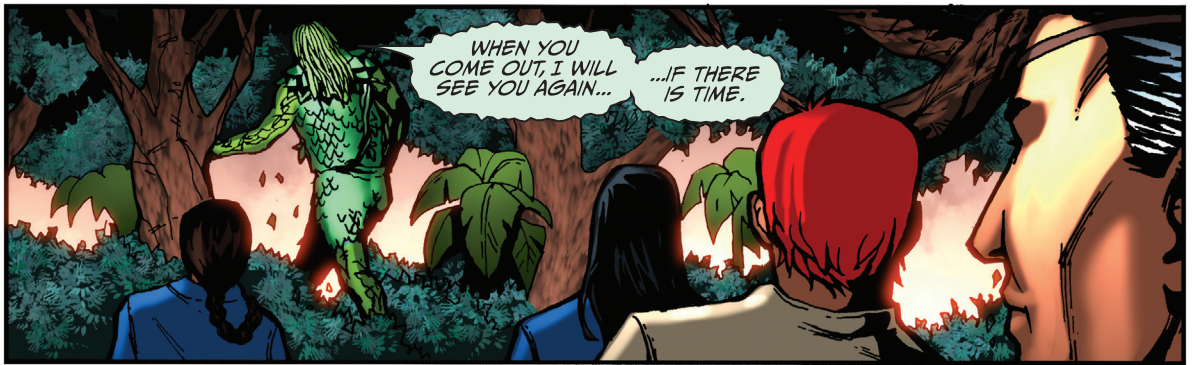
YOU HAVE KEPT
THE FAITH BETTER THAN
MOST OF US WHO HAVE
GIVEN YOU THE
CHARGE.

PERHAPS IT
WILL NOT COME
AS BADLY AS
YOU FEAR.



I KNOW AN
ENDING WHEN IT
COMES, AES
SEDAI.

I WILL FIND
ANOTHER PLACE TO
MAKE THINGS GROW.
ANOTHER PLACE,
PERHAPS.



WHEN YOU
COME OUT, I WILL
SEE YOU AGAIN...

...IF THERE
IS TIME.



WHAT
DID HE MEAN
"IF THERE'S
TIME?"

COME.

Rand was not sure what he expected when he followed the Aes Sedai into the archway. The hair stirred on his arms and rose on the back of his neck. But it was only a corridor, its polished walls rounded overhead like the arch, winding gently downward.

The seamless white walls glittered with uncounted flecks in untold colors, giving a low, soft light even after the sunlit archway vanished around a curve behind. Rand was sure the light was no natural thing, but he sensed it was benign, too.

Even so, as they continued downward, Rand wondered why his skin was still crawling.

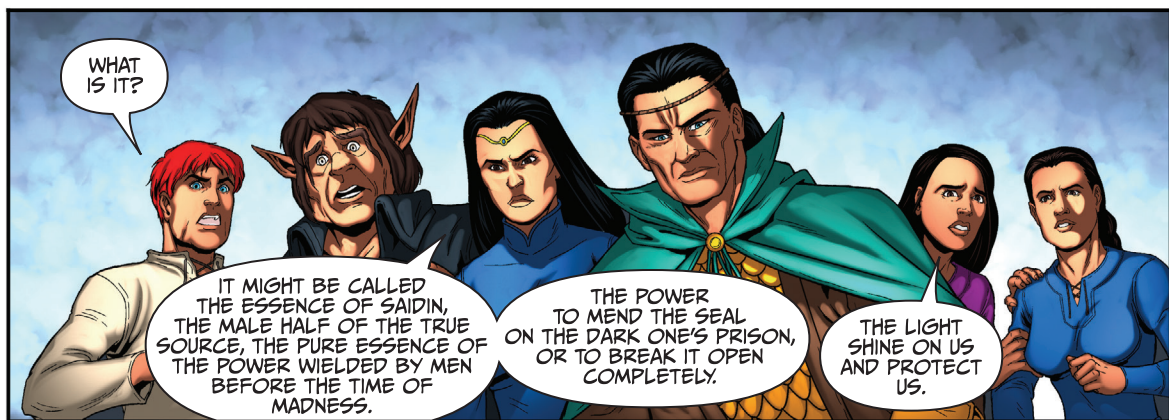


THERE.
AHEAD.



THE
EYE OF THE
WORLD.









WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU COME HERE? IF YOU ARE SEEKING THE GREEN MAN--

HE GUIDED US.



AN OLD THING, AN OLD FRIEND, AN OLD ENEMY.

BUT HE IS NOT THE ONE WE SEEK.



WHO ARE YOU?

I AM CALLED AGINOR, AND HE IS BALTHAMEL. HE NO LONGER SPEAKS WITH HIS TONGUE.

THE WHEEL GRINDS EXCEEDINGLY FINE OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS IMPRISONED.



SO LONG WITHOUT, SO LONG.



THE FORSAKEN ARE BOUND IN SHAYOL GHUL--

THE LIGHT PROTECT--



WERE
BOUND.

SOME OF US
ARE BOUND NO LONGER.
THE SEALS WEAKEN, AES
SEDAL. LIKE ISHAMAE, WE
WALK THE WORLD AGAIN,
AND SOON THE REST OF
US WILL COME.

I WAS TOO
CLOSE TO THIS WORLD
IN MY CAPTIVITY, I AND
BALTHAMEL, TOO CLOSE TO
THE GRINDING OF THE WHEEL,
BUT SOON THE GREAT LORD
OF THE DARK WILL BE FREE,
AND GIVE US NEW FLESH,
AND THE WORLD WILL
BE OURS ONCE
MORE.

YOU WILL HAVE
NO LEWS THERIN
KINSLAYER, THIS TIME. NO
LORD OF THE MORNING
TO SAVE YOU. WE KNOW
THE ONE WE SEEK
NOW...

... AND THERE
IS NO MORE NEED
FOR THE REST
OF YOU.



NO!

BE
STILL!

THE
LIGHT BLIND
Y--GHK!



I HAVE
ALMOST FORGOTTEN
THE PLEASURES OF
THE FLESH--

AAVIAAGH!

--BUT
BALTHAMEL
REMEMBERS
MUCH.

NOW.

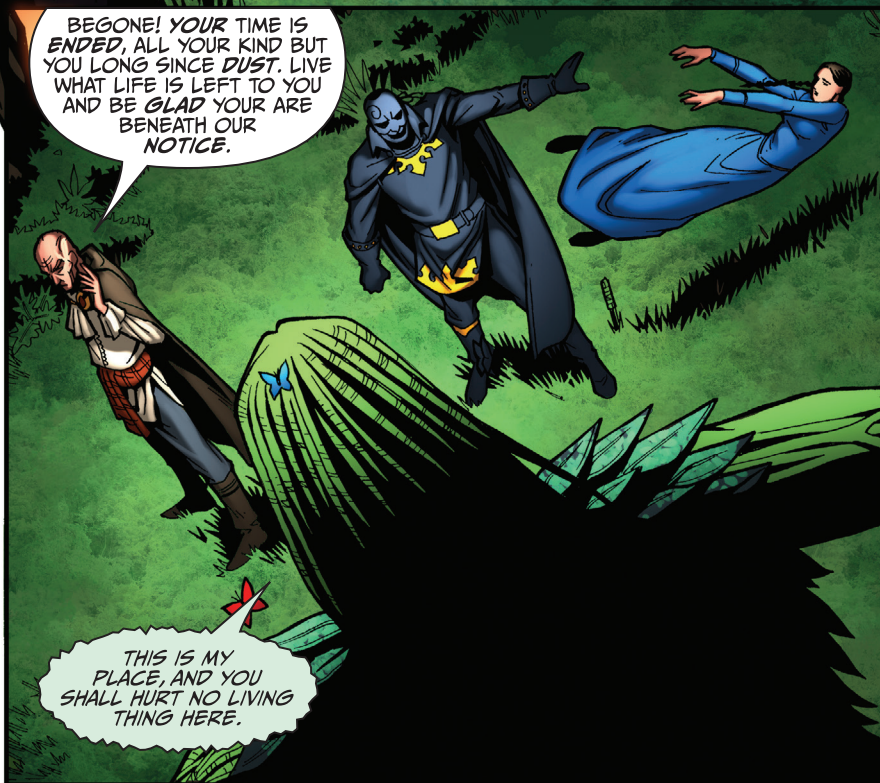
IF YOU LEARN
TO ABASE YOURSELVES
PROPERLY IN WORSHIP OF
US, I MIGHT LET YOU
ALL LIVE.

IN FACT, NOW
THAT I HAVE FOUND
WHAT I NEED... I MAY
TAKE THE TIME TO
TEACH YOU.

THIS
SHALL NOT
BE!

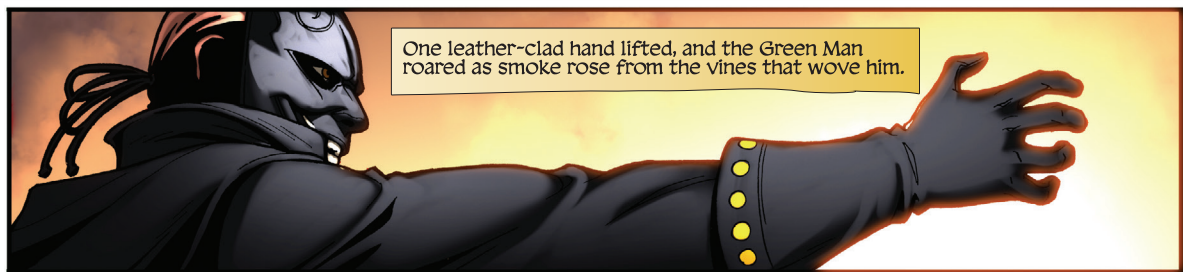


YOU DO
NOT BELONG
HERE!



BEGONE! YOUR TIME IS
ENDED, ALL YOUR KIND BUT
YOU LONG SINCE DUST. LIVE
WHAT LIFE IS LEFT TO YOU
AND BE GLAD YOU ARE
BENEATH OUR
NOTICE.

THIS IS MY
PLACE, AND YOU
SHALL HURT NO LIVING
THING HERE.



One leather-clad hand lifted, and the Green Man
roared as smoke rose from the vines that wove him.

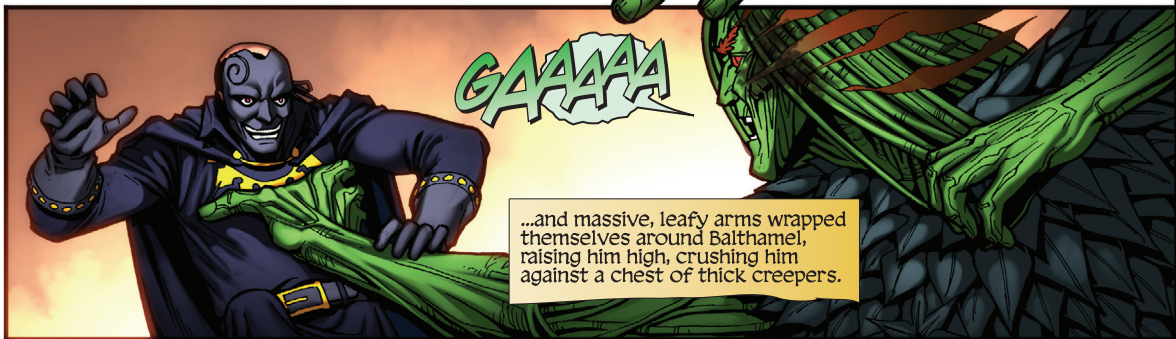
The wind in the trees
echoed his pain.



GRAAAGH



The Forsaken then turned
back to Rand and the others,
as if the Green Man had been
dealt with, but with one long
stride the gap was closed...



...and massive, leafy arms wrapped
themselves around Balthamel,
raising him high, crushing him
against a chest of thick creepers.



Like serpents Balthamel's arms
writhed free, his gloved hands
grasping the Green Man's head.



Then Balthamel jerked in the Green
Man's grasp. The Forsaken's hands
tried to push him away instead of
clutching him. One gloved hand flung wide...

...and a tiny creeper burst through
the black leather. Balthamel thrashed
as lichens, stinkweed, and deathhead
mushrooms began to tear him apart
from the inside out.



The Green Man threw the Forsaken down.

Balthamel twisted and jerked as all the things that grew in the dark places, all the things with spores that loved the dank, swelled and grew, tore cloth and leather and flesh to tattered shreds and covered him until only a mound remained.



with a groan like a limb breaking, the Green Man crashed to the ground. Burned leaves fell from his arm as he painfully stretched out his hand to gently cup an acorn.

The earth rumbled as an oak seedling pushed up. Roots shot out and thickened, the trunk broadened and stretched upward, bark turning gray and fissured and ancient. Limbs spread and grew heavy.



Stillness came, and an oak that could have stood five hundred years covered the spot where the Green Man had been, marking the tomb of a legend.



Even Aginor was stunned.
Then his head lifted, cavernous
eyes burning with hate.

ENOUGH.
IT IS PAST
TIME TO END
THIS!

YES,
FORSAKEN--
PAST
TIME!

With a gesture from the Aes
Sedai, the ground began to fall
away beneath Aginor's feet...

...a plume of fire erupted from the
ground, surrounding the Forsaken.
Between licks of flame, the Aes Sedai
could see Aginor's face.

He was smiling.

RUN,
ALL OF
YOU!

RUN!

To be continued...

DYNAMITE®

IN THE NEWS - MARCH 2013

MISS FURY #1 COMING
FROM DYNAMITE IN APRIL!



Dynamite proudly announces the April debut of Miss Fury #1, written by the acclaimed Rob Williams (Venom, Uncanny X-Force), drawn by Jack Herbert, and featuring covers by Alex Ross, J. Scott Campbell, Paul Renaud, and Will Conrad! Also, as a special "thank you" to dedicated fans, Dynamite is making a gorgeous Miss Fury #1 Exclusive Alex Ross Advance Order Subscription Variant cover, limited to retailer initial orders. In Miss Fury, the heroine of World War II is revived for the 21st Century!

"It's the kickass action of La Femme Nikita meets the political intrigue of Homeland," says writer Rob Williams. "We're bringing the original super-heroine from the 1940s into 2013 and the future in a time-travel adventure like no other."

"We're absolutely thrilled to bring back Miss Fury," says Nick Barrucci, CEO and Publisher at Dynamite. "It's a project we've been looking forward to for some time, waiting for just the right voice, coupled with the right artist. Rob's phenomenal script rips Miss Fury out of the past and throws her into the modern era, providing an epic landscape for a tumultuous personal story. Plus, the interior artwork by Jack Herbert speaks for itself, and our heroine has never looked so gorgeous... and vicious! This will be one of our biggest launches for the first half of 2013."

In Miss Fury #1, the pulp heroine returns! When Miss Fury foils a wartime plot by Nazi secret agents, she is catapulted through time... or so it seems. Is she really careening from past to future and back, or has she lost her mind? And if her sanity remains intact, can one lone heroine possibly hope to end World War II by herself, a conflict still waged into the year 2013? As witness to generations of bloodshed and violence, Miss Fury has lots of righteous rage... and anger is her fear-some power!

Make sure to pick up Miss Fury #1 in April 2013!

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NEXT ISSUE:



ISSUE #34

Ba'alzamon, the Great Lord of the Dark, has finally found the one he's looking for - Rand - and they finally meet, face to face... It's the penultimate chapter of Robert Jordan's masterpiece, The Wheel of Time: The Eye of the World!

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FEATURED REVIEWS

GARTH ENNIS' RED TEAM #1 (COMIC BOOK BIN):

"Red Team is Ennis at his most realistic and morally ambiguous best. If Red Team #1 is any indication of the types of works we can expect from Dynamite Entertainment's Crime Line, they can't publish them fast enough. Rating: 10 out of 10."

JIM BUTCHER'S DRESDEN FILES: GHOUL GOBLIN #1

(UNLEASHTHEFANBOY.COM): Joseph Cooper's art is a great fit for this title. He brings just enough cartooniness to the characters to reinforce the book's humor, while still keeping things somewhat realistic. It's reminiscent of Amanda Conner's work, and that's definitely a good thing."

THE SHADOW #9 (COMICADDICTION.NET):

"The Shadow is becoming a must-read series every issue. The Shadow may know

what lurks in the hearts of men, but Victor Gischler and Aaron Campbell know what lurks in the heart of making an amazing The Shadow series. Stop hesitating, pick this new issue up, and give this book a read. You will discover why everyone else reading this series can't stop talking about it."

THE LONE RANGER #12 (GEEKS OF DOOM):

"The Lone Ranger #12 is nothing short of excellence. We've had a full year of great stories by the same creative team. That is VERY rare in today's comic industry. Highest recommendation!"

THE GREEN HORNET: YEAR ONE SPECIAL #1 (UNLEASHTHEFANBOY.COM):

"Overall, The Green Gun Girl is a very well written and heartfelt story. While the Hornet is the main driving force, Ruby is the primary character. In just the opening pages Nate

Cosby succeeds in getting the reader to feel for her, it's a pretty nice story throughout. Easily recommended for fans and non-fans alike."

PROPHECY #6 (SCIFI PUSE):

"(Ron) Marz does a good job having the characters play off one another. I especially love every word that came out of Ash. Sonja was also a stand-out, being noble but not windy-preachy, which can happen under some writers. Marz is on the ball with this issue."

THE BIONIC WOMAN #7 (SCIFI PUSE):

"This book captures my adolescent memories and brings them to the present in an entertaining way. Overall grade: A!"